

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890

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SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published six days in each week, with Double

Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a

splendid seven-day paper.

For one year.....\$3.00

For six months.....1.50

For three months......75

Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTY

Cents per week. In all interior cities and towns

the paper can be had of the principal Periodical

Dealers, Newsboys and Agents.

The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.

In the cheapest and most desirable Home, News

and Literary Journal published on the Pacific

coast.

The WEEKLY UNION per year.....\$1.50

The SUNDAY UNION alone per year.....1.00

All these publications are sent either by Mail

or Express to agents or single subscribers, with

charges prepaid. The principal agents are

The Best Advertising Medium on the Pacific

coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

San Francisco Agencies.

This paper is for sale at the following places:

L. P. Fisher's, room 21, Merchants' Exchange,

California Street; the principal agents are

Hotels, and at the Market-street Ferry.

and for sale on all Trains leaving

and arriving at Sacramento.

The Record-Union, Sunday Union and

Weekly Union are the only papers on the

Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

home and general circulation throughout the

State.

Weather Forecast.

Forecast till 8 P. M. Saturday. For Northern

California—Fair weather; cooler.

WHY THE COPYRIGHT BILL SHOULD

PASS.

Last summer the United States Senate

passed an international copyright bill by

a three-fourths vote. There is good reason,

therefore, to expect that the new bill,

now passed by the House, will become a

law.

The bill is one of simplicity and easy

to understand. It permits foreigners to

take American copyright on the same basis

as American citizens, whenever the nation

of the foreign applicant grants a like privi-

lege to our citizens; or when the foreign

nation provides for reciprocity in copy-

right; or when the foreign nation has en-

tered into international agreement for

reciprocity in copyright, and by the terms

of which the United States can become a

party to such international agreement.

If the Senate passes the bill it will be a

step in advance in the doctrine and prac-

tice of reciprocity, and will go far to es-

tablish the reciprocal policy as the policy

of the nation. It will, if it becomes a

law, operate over a very large part of the

globe at once, because Germany, France,

Switzerland, the Netherlands, Russia,

Denmark, Norway, Japan, South Africa,

Tunis, Mexico, Guatemala, Venezuela, the

United States of Colombia, Ecuador, the

Republic of Brazil, Bolivia and Hayti

now permit foreigners to avail of copy-

right on a level with the citizens of those

countries respectively.

In Great Britain the law gives to the

Crown the power to extend copyright

privileges to the people of any nation

that grants to the subjects of the Queen

a like privilege. The passage of the pend-

ing bill by the Senate will, therefore,

operate to bring Great Britain into the

category of nations we have named.

There are still objections raised to the

bill before the Senate, but they are not

unanswered. It is said that it creates a

monopoly; but it is one the Constitution

recognizes in promotion of the useful arts,

inventive genius and the product of brains.

Does it create a book trust? No, since, as

Mr. R. U. Johnson has shown, there never

can be a trust in literature, because the

sources of its production cannot be con-

trolled, and it is not, as in the case of a

staple, of one kind.

But it is urged that it will make books

dear. Not so, for present cheapness of

foreign literature in America is due, as

the American League has demonstrated,

to the fact that there is taking without

compensation. All literature in book

form to the date of the law would remain

at its old price. Foreign books to be

published would be higher, because we

would cease stealing the products of foreign

authors, but we would gain in quality by

the cutting off of a myriad of tawdry, bad

and indifferent books that sell simply

because of their literary weakness, which

There are other as weighty reasons why the Senate should be urged to pass the House bill. Every citizen who believes that international copyright is just, beneficial to home authors, in line with the cheapening of American books, right in morals, promotive of American ideas, and beneficial to home intellect by broadening the market for its products, ought to use his personal influence to prevail upon Senators to vote for the bill in the present session, since, while three-fourths of them did not vote for a similar measure, thus giving life to the hope that the new bill will pass, still the measure is opposed, and until it becomes a law its friends should not rest.

BALLOT SYSTEMS AGAIN.

The only journal in the State that has openly announced opposition to the reform ballot system is put to pains in response to a Democratic contemporary, to defend its untenable position. Its claim is that the California election law is better than any of the modified forms of the Australian ballot law. Yet it admits that an improvement upon the California system would be to place near the polls a covered and inclosed walk-way, through which voters could pass, or should be made to pass, just prior to casting their ballots. The idea is that while walking through this inclosed and covered bit of territory, the voter can change his ballot if he wishes, without being observed.

The San Francisco Chronicle is so taken with this weak suggestion that it proceeds to present an illustration of the covered way, and of a voter issuing from it. That paper fails, however, to see that its suggestion is a confession of the virtue of the private booth system of the reform ballot method. If it would be well to give the voter the protection of secrecy, as suggested, that he may do a sneaking bit of sleight-of-hand performance, it would be wise to give him opportunity to receive his ballot from an official source, and retire into a booth to prepare it.

The same journal claims for the California "one hundred feet" system all the virtues that should distinguish any good voting method. To show how free the voter is from the watchfulness of the pickets of the bosses, it presents an ideal picture of a voting place, with the space for one hundred feet about the polls absolutely vacant, so far as people are concerned, except for the presence of a solitary voter walking to the ballot-box with his ballot in his pocket—presumably.

It is worth while to expose the fallacies of the illustration, even as an ideal. The law does not require the 100-foot space to be kept clear. There is no authority under the law by which this can be done.

As a matter of fact it is not done. Every one who has attended a hotly-contested election in this State has seen the 100-foot space packed with people and the heeler and strikers and underlings of bosses so densely massed about the polling-window that no one could reach the ballot-box except after a fierce struggle and at the risk of bodily injury. If this is not true in San Francisco it will surprise most people to learn of their misconception. It is certainly true in other California cities, and we believe it to be true of San Francisco polling-places also.

The Chronicle is desirous that someone should inform it of a single instance of voters being marshalled to the polls, supplied with ballots and compelled to hold them in view until dropped into the ballot-box. Specific instances would prove no more than general observation verifies. Every man actively in politics knows that what we allege is the truth. Where it necessary proofs of it could be piled higher than the mountains. But it is unnecessary to call witnesses to simply enlighten our contemporary upon what is of common knowledge.

The solitary opponent of the reform ballot system, the San Francisco Chronicle, laboriously presents in its issue of the 18th inst. objections to the Australian ballot as modified in the United States by laws of nine members of the Union. First, "The printing of the ballots by the State is a fatal blow at the independence of the voter, because no man can take a ballot, with from 250 to 300 names upon it, retire into a booth and in the time allotted—ten minutes—mark his choice." No one with ordinary intelligence can be deceived by such an assertion. It will be, by far, easier to select from political lists, clearly indicated and entitled and printed in parallel columns on one sheet, than from a half score of tickets upon separate sheets. Experience proves this to be true. The voter will read the lists more rapidly—if he has not previously settled in his mind for whom to vote—upon the single official page than he possibly can from a number of tickets, and which, under the substitution and half-breed side-show tactics of politics, may stretch out to half a hundred tickets. But it suffices to repeat that practice has demonstrated the weakness of the Chronicle's fears.

Second, "The modified Australian system, with tickets printed at State cost, will promote the formation of piece clubs." How it would operate to that end is not explained. As a dogmatic assertion it goes for nothing. As a matter of fact the California system does not prevent the formation of piece clubs, nor will any other. No law will make men honest, or prevent them from "bleeding" candidates. Not even the Australian modified system will do so, and no one claims for it any such virtue, or that it will deter men from selling their votes. But it will and does prevent the buyer, or the person of whom the voter stands in fear, from watching the elector and assuring himself that he has cast the ballot delivered to him.

Third, "The California law is as effective in preventing vote-buying as any other can be." This is more dogmatic assertion also, and its fallacious character has already been exposed. But even the Chronicle admits that the covered "way," which it suggests shall be placed near the polls, would destroy assurance that the purchased voter has delivered the goods. Without it, then, the California law is defective, and is not as good as any other can be.

These are all and the only objections offered for the rejection of the reform method. We submit that they are not sufficient, are not grounded in reason or fortified by experience. If the opponents of the reform ballot system can advocate

no more substantial reasons against its adoption in California, their case is already lost.

The "standing up" of pedestrians in the streets continues, and the drives still afford the cut-throats who do these acts refuge and encouragement. Is it not about time to apply the regulation screw to these sink holes?

INCORPORATED.

A Miscellaneous Lot of Organizations

File Their Articles.

The following articles of incorporation were

filed in the Secretary of State's office

yesterday:

King's Daughters' Home for Incubables.

Principal place of business, San Francisco.

Directors—Mrs. I. A. Conklin, Mrs. A. F.

Clark, Mrs. G. W. Prescott, Mrs. A. F.

Wakeman and Mrs. Edwin S. Breytogle.

Xox Seed and Plant Company of San

Francisco. Capital stock, \$100,000. Di-

rectors—Aaron Cox, Thomas A. Cox, Wil-

liam H. Cox, R. L. Cox and S. W. Cox.

The California Capitalization Company of

San Francisco. Capital stock, \$250,000.

Directors—C. P. Rindorf, C. H. Delmonico,

J. H. Stevens, John Henderson, Jr., W. B.

Ewer, R. H. Trumbull and C. K. Clark.

Automatic Amalgamator Company of

San Francisco. Capital stock, \$1,000,000.

Directors—James M. Thompson, J. H.

Hawthornthwaite, Mrs. Ouida S. Mindi,

James F. Nounan and Charles H. Mayers.

Curry, the Oregon Development Com-

pany. Principal place of business, San

Francisco. Capital stock, \$1,000,000.

Directors—T. H. Hausman, Andrew Craw-

ford, W. A. Woods, Henry Gray and James

Rex Watson.

California Trading Company of San

Francisco. Capital stock, \$10,000. Di-

rectors—J. S. Whetstone, E. E. Avery, G. S.

Driver, J. S. Whetstone and G. H. Hart, Jr.

General Maritime has a Suggestion to

Offer Concerning It.

Ens. Record Union: The Legislature is

about to convene in this city, and it would

appear about time that something was

done toward drafting a bill asking for an

appropriation for the reconstruction and

maintenance of Sutter's Fort.

There is one thing that must be done, if

we expect an appropriation at this session

of the Legislature, and that is, the citizens

of this city must get together and make

a personal canvass of the votes among

the members of that body. See the

work done by our members in Congress

in order to get the money for the Sutter

Fort. I believe that if we are successful in get-

ting this appropriation, and the Sutter

property is finally restored, it will tend

as much to the advancement of this city as

anything that has ever or will be done in

years to come. J. G. MARTINEZ.

SUNDAY RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Emmanuel Baptist Church, Twenty-fifth

and N streets—Rev. H. H. Hutchins, pastor.

Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday

schools at 12:30.

Westminster Presbyterian Church, cor-

ner Sixth and I streets—Services at 11 A. M.

and 7:30 P. M. The pastor, Rev. R. M. Steven-

son, will preach at 11 A. M. on "The Character

of Jesus—A Christmas sermon, and at 7:30

P. M. on "The Humility of Christianity." A

cordial invitation is extended to strangers and

non-church people to come and worship.

Central M. E. Church, Eleventh street,

between H and I—Rev. C. H. Beechgood, pastor.

Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath

school at 12:15. Young people's meeting at 7:15

P. M. All are cordially invited.

Calvary Baptist Church, I street, between

Twelfth and Thirteenth—Rev. J. C. Bane,

pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. Subject: "Good

Fruit of Great Joy." Sabbath school at 12:15.

Admission free. The following well-known

Victories of Christianity." Christmas at the

church doors at 12:15. Young people's meeting

at 7:15. All are cordially invited.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Eighth

street, between I and J—Rev. John F. Herr-

ington, pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30

P. M. on "The Faith of the Future." A

cordial invitation is extended to all.

First Christian Church, Eighth street, be-

tween N and O—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30

P. M. by J. C. Bane, pastor. A cordial invita-

tion is extended to all. A cordial invitation

to the public as well as the church members.

Spiritualist Church, Tenth street, be-

tween J and K—Rev. J. C. Bane, pastor. A

cordial invitation is extended to all. A cordial

invitation to the public as well as the church

members. A cordial invitation to the public

as well as the church members. A cordial

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WARMER WEATHER.

The Cold Fogs Give Way to Sunshine and

a Higher Temperature.

The Signal Service reports yesterday

show a falling barometer, a rising tempera-

ture and southwest winds, with an ap-

preciable precipitation amounting to .18 of

an inch in this city, and over one inch at

Red Bluff.

The temperature at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M.

yesterday in this case was 48° and 58°

while the highest and lowest was 58° and

46°.

The highest and lowest temperature one

year ago yesterday was 56° and 41°, and

one year ago to-day 55° and 46°, with .16 of

an inch of rain.

The Signal Service reports at 5 o'clock

last evening showed the rainfall for the

twelve hours to have been as follows for

the places named: Olympia, .54 of an

inch; Portland, .28; Walla Walla, .01;

Spokane Falls, .01; Astoria, .28; Eureka,

.10; Red Bluff and Sacramento, nothing.

The temperature has risen considerably at

all points.

The rainfall for the storm was .40 of an

inch, and for the season .70 inches, as

against over 12 inches for last season to a

corresponding date.

The barometer was still above 30 inches,

and had a rising tendency at all Pacific

coast and interior points.

Grapes in Winter.

This office received yesterday a sample of

grapes just picked from the vines of John

McNie, near Florin. There were several

varieties, and, considering the lateness of

THE PETREL AND THE SLAYER.

"Sail ho!"

Never, surely, did the cry fall upon more

welcome ears, save and except those who

were becalmed in a boat upon the open sea.

For twelve weary days and nights had he

and thirty men of H. M. ship Petrel

(six guns, Commander B. R. Neville), been

cooped up in their iron prison, watching one

of the hottest sections of the terrestrial

globe, on the lookout for slavers. From

latitude 4° north to latitude 4° south was

their beat, and they dared not venture be-

yond these limits. Our instructions were

to keep out of sight of land and try to in-

tercept some of the larger vessels which,

it was suspected, carried cargoes of slaves

from the interior of the continent to the

cloudless sky; there was nothing to see,

nothing else to think of, work, study,

play even, were alike impossible in that

herce, scorching heat. If you touched a

bit of iron on deck it almost burned your

hand. If you lay down between decks

covered with a sheet, you awoke in a bath

of perspiration.

"Sail ho!"

The man, in his excitement, repeated

the shout before he could be hailed from

the deck.

"Where away?" sang out the Captain.

"To points on the weather bow, sir,"

was the reply.

That phrase about the "weather bow" was

a nautical fiction, for there was no

wind to speak of, and what there was

was nearly dead astern.

"Keep her away two points," said Com-

mander Neville; and the order was

promptly obeyed.

In a few seconds the news had spread

through the ship and the men clustered on

the bulwarks, straining their eyes, to get a

glimpse of the stranger. Even the stokers,

poor fellows, showed their sooty faces at

the engine-room hatchway. Of course the

stranger might be, and probably was, an

innocent trader, but then she might be a

slaver, and golden visions of prize money

flashed before the eyes of every man and

boy on board the Petrel.

We did not steam very fast, as of course

our supply of coal was limited, and it was

about two hours before we saw her. She

fairly sighted the stranger. She was a

long three-masted schooner, with tall rak-

ing masts, lying very low in the water.

All her canvas was set, and a little

wind had sprung up, and she was slipping

through the water at a fair pace.

"She looks for all the world like a

slaver, sir," remarked Mr. Brabazon, the

First Lieutenant, to the Commander.

Neville said nothing, but his lips were

firmly compressed, and a gleam of excite-

ment was in his eyes.

"Fire a blank shot, Mr. O'Reilly,"

said he to the Second Lieutenant, "and

signal her to ask her nationality and code

number."

This was done, and in answer to the

signal the schooner slowly hoisted the

American colors.

"She has eased away her sheets, and

luffed a point or two," said the Quarter-

master, touching his cap.

The Captain merely answered this by a

nod.

"Put a shot in your gun, Mr. O'Reilly,"

said he. "Lower your gun, make a

fresh shot demanding her name."

This was done, but the American took

no notice.

"Fire a shot, Mr. O'Reilly—wide, of

course," said the Commander.

Again the deafening report of the big

gun sounded in our ears; and we could see

the splash of the shot as it struck the water

about fifty yards from the schooner. The

schooner, however, did not seem to be

immediately alarmed, and, after another

and another, and we saw that she was not

giving us her code number, but was spell-

ing out her name, letter by letter—the

Black Swan.

"Just look that up in the United States

Merchant Registry," said the Captain to the

First Lieutenant. And in half a minute

he had reported: "No such name, sir."

This was something more than suspi-

cions. And the wind was rising.

"Hoist the signal for her to 'heave to!'"

cried Commander Neville. "Take a boat

and a half a dozen hands, Mr. O'Reilly,"

he continued; "board her, inspect her

papers, and come back to report. If her

papers are not in order, and there have been

complaints lately against some of our

officers, who have got into trouble in con-

sequence, so be careful. But keep your

eyes open. Note any suspicious circum-

stances, and come back as soon as you can,

to report."

Before Lieutenant O'Reilly reached the

ship he saw that everything about her had

been sacrificed to speed. Her spars, espe-

cially, were unusually heavy for a craft of

her size.

The British officer was received by a

little, thin, elderly man wearing a Panama

hat, and speaking with a strong Yankee

accent.

"Produce your papers, if you please,"

said O'Reilly. They were handed out at

once, and seemed to be perfectly regular.

"What have you got on board?" was the

next question.

"General cargo—dry goods, and so on."

"Any liquor on the Register?"

"Any? No, sir. Well, I guess it must be

because this is a dry ship. We don't put

our name on the Register by telegraph,

mister."

"Just tell your men to knock off the

hatches. I want to have a look at your

cargo."

The skipper shook his head.

"I've been delayed long enough," said

he. "I have lost a great part of the only

wind we had in this damned latitude for a

week."

"I'll do it myself, then," cried O'Reilly.

"Not now, sir, not with six men, while

I have fifteen. You have no right to take

the hold of a respectable merchantman and

disturb her cargo? Do you take me for a

slaver, or what? If you must have the

hatches up, send a few more of your men

for a larger crew, so as to overpower me,

you understand, and you may do it with

pleasure. But I guess there'll be a com-

plaint lodged at Washington, and you folks

in London will have to pay for it. That's

all, mister. I only want things fair and

square, within my treaty rights."

"Apparently there are," said O'Reilly.

"Then I'm afraid I can do nothing," said

the Commander. And to the deep disgust

of the whole ship's crew, the order was

given to the Petrel to return to her course.

All that night, however, Commander

Neville was haunted by a doubt whether

he had not better have run the risk of a

complaint and reprimand, rather than

forgo the overhauling of so suspicious

looking a craft; and in the morning a

report reached his ears that the corkscrew,

which had accompanied Mr. O'Reilly to the

Black Swan, had noticed something about

her of a doubtful nature. The man was

sent for and questioned; and he said that,

while the Lieutenant was on board, the

boat of which he was in charge had dropped

a little way astern, and that he had then

noticed that the name of the vessel had

been recently painted out, but that the last

two letters were distinctly visible. "And

these letters were, I am not at all,

"The second said she was a new ship,"

cried the Commander. "Bout ship!"

"We can't possibly catch her up, sir,"

said the First Lieutenant.

"I don't know that, Mr. Brabazon,"

answered Neville. There has been hardly

any wind; and we know the compass she

was steering. So she could not expect to

see us again, so in all probability she has

kept to that course. By making proper al-

lowances we may intercept her. I am

convinced of it."

The hope of again encountering the

Black Swan, faint as it was, caused quite a

commotion in the crew. The day com-

menced in our knowledge, and the sun

passed without our sighting a single sail,

but when the morning dawned Lieutenant

Brabazon was forced to own that the com-

mander's judgment was not better than his

own. By the greatest good luck we had

WHY MATTEO WAS SAD.

HIS DEVOTION TO HIS MOTHER COST

HIM HIS SWEETHEART.

In a Restaurant in the French Quarter

Mme. Philippini Tells the Story of

Matteo's Life.

This old man, then, came from the land

of the olive, and as he sat there eating

silently he formed a picture never to be

forgotten. The light from the gas in the

street came in through a rent in the shade

and fell full upon his rugged face, accent-

uating every line and furrow painted there

by time and care, for he must have been

known to bring such lines of sorrow and

grief upon his face. He was old and fee-

ble, too, for his hand shook as though

with palsy as he carried the food to his

mouth. His long white hair fell in a

tangled mass upon his forehead, and his

shaggy white brows came out in strong

contrast to his parched skin. It was the

old man's eyes, however, that attracted

and fascinated me, such large pathetic

eyes, with a world of hidden pain and sor-

row in their depths.

"Oh, Madge," I cried, "who is that old

man? You have been here before, and you

must know all about him."

"Well, I do know something of him, but if

you want to really hear his story I will

send for Mme. Philippini; she tells the tale

as no one else can."

In response to Madge's summons Mme.

Philippini appeared. She was a queer lit-

tle woman enough, and we all smiled

amusedly as she came running in, taking

off her apron as she came.

"So you want the story of Matteo?"

said when Madge had told her of my de-

sire. "Well, I have known him forty years

now; we were young together at home in

Florence. I am a Florentine," she added,

proudly. "When I married I came to this

country with my husband, and we started

keep a restaurant with much success, and

by Matteo—that's his name—one day

came in and ask for dinner. It was good

to see one from home again, and we make

him welcome. He was much poorer and

worked very hard, for his old mother was

across the ocean, and he had promised to

send for her. After three years he came

in one day smiling, and told me his mother

was coming. I was glad, for we do not

often see such good sons as that. Well,

she came, and she brought with her—

what you think? One young girl, the most

beautiful young thing you could see in

a day. She had bright red cheeks, and

the eyes were like—what can I call it?

Like—yes, that is it; and the teeth were

all the same as pearls, only much whiter,

and when she smiled you thought of the

angels in heaven."

"So Matteo, who was but a foolish boy

with all his goodness of heart, fell in love

with Maria, his cousin. Oh, it was a

pretty sight to see them together—he so

strong and handsome and she so beautiful.

Sometimes I nearly cry at their happiness.

It was so grand and good. In the spring

they would marry, so they said, and the

good mother was glad for their joy. They

would be poor, yes; but with much love

great poverty is nothing after all."

One day Matteo came to me alone.

His mother had fallen and broken her

legs. But Matteo would never let her go

to the hospital. No, if he had saved

money for to marry Maria, it must go

now for his mother, who was so old and

in pain. All that year the mother was

in bed, and Matteo who so hard to make

much money, but he could not. Every-

thing went wrong, and he was heart-

sick with care and trouble, but he

would be brave, and smile and say it

would be all right by and by. But by

and by seemed very far off to him with

all his courage, and he did not laugh when

he looked at Maria as he once did. Maria

was different, too; she when from Matteo

looked at her and turn her back on him very

soon. Poor Matteo, I was so sorry for

him, for I saw what was to come. One day

Maria told him if he wanted to have her

must marry right off now, she was tired of

the long waiting; the mother, Maria, say

could go to the hospital; she was old, and

very young, too. But Matteo frowned and

said, "No, and swear and tell Maria she

was wicked girl to talk that way to him.

So they said good-by to each other, and

Maria gave Matteo back the little gold brooch

which he gave her. Matteo he never saw

his mother, for she was very sick, and

went to his mother, for she was very sick,

and he was very thin, and all the brown

go out of his face and make him pale and

white.

In the spring he came to me with tears

in his eyes. Maria was going to marry a

rich man what had a big fur coat. He

was sad, but he never said one word

against her for all the pain she make him.

Oh, no! He say he give everything to

his mother. When he tell her that Maria

was going to marry, he say that he was

glad for her sake. But he was not. He

as gossipers webs, manufactured from the

Gossypium herbaceum, were valued as

highly as the fine linen of Egypt. Dacca

